


SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY



from the
SPECTATOR



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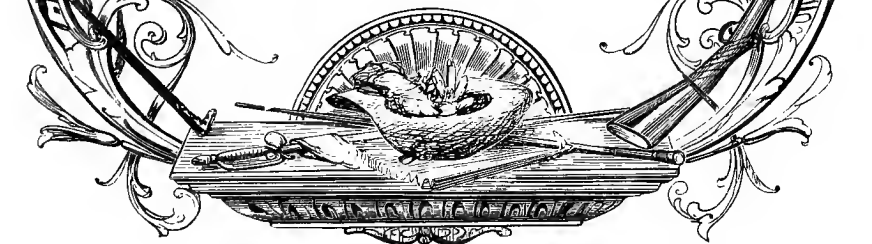
Sir Roger and the Widow. P. 78.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

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THE SPECTATOR

With Illustrations By
CHAS. O. MURRAY



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JAMES D. COOPER.

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The *AUTHOR* Concerning himself

“ Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex tumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.”

HOR. ARS POET. v. 143.

I HAVE observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure, until he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Disposition, Married or a Bachelor, with other Particulars of the like Nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an Author. To gratify this Curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper and my next as Prefatory Discourses to my following Writings, and shall give some Account in them of the several Persons

that are engaged in this Work. As the chief Trouble of Compiling, Digesting, and Correcting will fall to my Share, I must do myself the Justice to open the Work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which according to the Tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the same Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire without the Loss or Acquisition of a single Field or Meadow, during the Space of six hundred Years. There runs a Story in the Family, that my Mother dreamt that she had brought forth a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which



was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any Dignity that I should arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very first Appearance in the World, seemed to favour my

Mother's Dream : For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make use of my Coral until they had taken away the Bells from it.

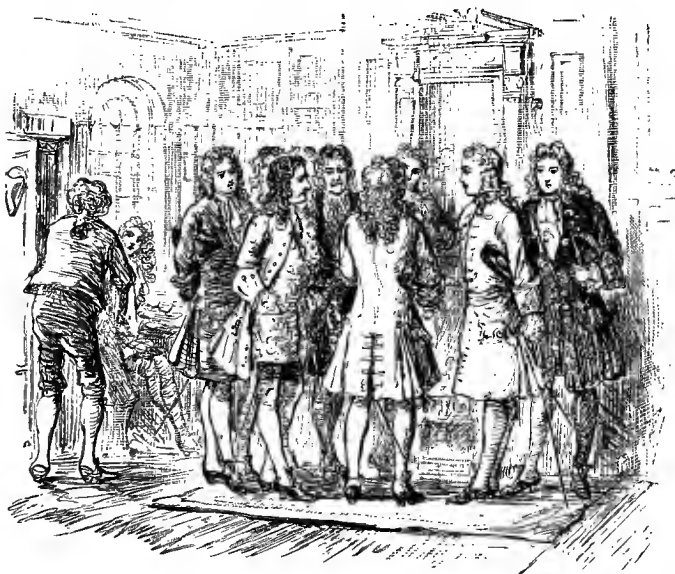
AS for the rest of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in Silence. I find, that, during my Nonage, I had the Reputation of a very sullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my Schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my Parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound Silence ; for during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words ; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilst I was in this learned Body, I applied myself with so much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or the modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

UPON the Death of my Father, I was resolved to travel into foreign Countries, and therefore left the University, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable Thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, in which

there was any thing new or strange to be seen ; nay, to such a Degree was my Curiosity raised, that having read the Contröversies of some great Men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the Measure of a Pyramid : And as soon as I had set myself right in that Particular, returned to my native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have passed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most publick Places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me ; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular Account. There is no Place of general Resort, wherein I do not often make my Appearance ; sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little circular Audiences. Sometimes I smoke a Pipe at *Child's*, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* Nights at *St. James's* Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange*

for above these ten Years, and sometimes pass for a *Few* in the Assembly of Stock-Jobbers at *Fonathan's*:



In short, where-ever I see a Cluster of People, I always mix with them, though I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

THUS I live in the World rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species; by which Means I have made myself a Speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artisan, without ever meddling with any practical Part in Life. I am very well versed in

the Theory of a Husband or a Father, and can discern the Errors in the Œconomy, Business, and Diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as Standers-by discover Blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the Game. I never espoused any Party with Violence, and am resolved to observe an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the Hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the Parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

“I have given the Reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the Business I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I shall insert them in the following Pages, as I shall see Occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and since I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulness of my Heart in Speech, I am resolved to do it in Writing, and to Print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my Friends, that it is Pity so many useful Discoveries which I have made should be in the Possession of a silent Man. For this Reason, therefore, I shall publish a Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning, for

the Benefit of my Contemporaries ; and if I can in any Way contribute to the Diversion or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain."

THERE are three very material Points which I have not spoken to in this Paper ; and which, for several important Reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some Time: I mean, an Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my Reader in any Thing that is reasonable ; but as for these three Particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the Embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Resolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obscurity which I have enjoyed for many Years, and expose me in publick Places to several Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me ; for the greatest Pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this Reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress as very great Secrets ; though it is not impossible, but I may make Discoveries of both in the Progress of the Work I have undertaken.

AFTER having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in To-morrow's Paper give an Account of those

Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work ; for, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to stand in the Front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley's* in *Little-Britain*. For I must further acquaint the Reader, that though our Club meets only on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*, we have appointed a Committee to sit every Night, for the inspection of all such Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal.

THE SPECTATOR.

London, Thursday, March 1, 1710-11.





Sir Roger and the Club.

“Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore.”

JUV. SAT. 7, v. 167.

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His Great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this

Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy ; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in Town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in Love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kicked Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-



house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half ; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of

himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were

in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.



His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the Way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit, that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Session with great

Abilities, and three Months ago gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

THE Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a Member of the *Inner-Temple*; a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursom Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump. He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just

for the Age he lives in ; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present

World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business ; exactly at five he passes through *New-Inn*, crosses through *Russell-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will's* till the Play be-



gins ; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

THE Person of next Consideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade

are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jestings, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest Favourite is, "A Penny saved is a Penny got." A general



Trader of good Sense is pleasanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes him-

self ; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men ; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a Point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

NEXT to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTREY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements and at several Sieges ; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themselves Obstacles to him that must press through Crowds, who endeavour

at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of Talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or enquiring into it : For, says he, that great Man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him : Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a Military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardise to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candor does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnished him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company ; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him ; nor ever too obsequious from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

BUT that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who accord-

ing to his Years should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easy Fortune, Time has made but a very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turned, of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well,

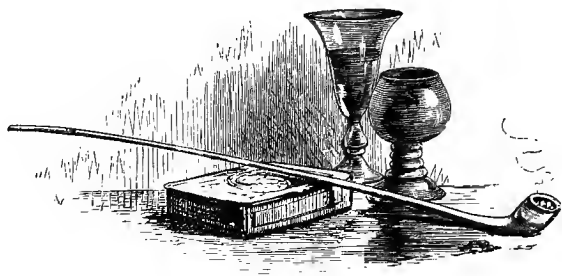


and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* king's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whose Frailty was covered by such a sort of Petticoat, and whose Vanity to show her Foot made that Part of the Dress so short in such a Year. In a word, all his Conversation and Know-

ledge have been in the female World: as other Men of his Age will take notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in his *Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind Glance or a Blow of a Fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, "He has good Blood in his Veins, *Tom Mirabell*, the Rogue, cheated me in that Affair: that young Fellow's Mother used me more like a Dog than any Woman I ever made Advances to." This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of Man who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a

Clergyman, a very Philosophick Man, of general Learning, great sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions.





-Coverley Hall-

“Hinc tibi Copia

Manabit ad plenum, benigno

Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.”

HOR. OD. 17, l. 1, v. 14.

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some Time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations.

Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the County come to see him, he only shows me at a Distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir ROGER'S Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons; for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him; by this means his Domesticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one



of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in the gray Pad that is kept in the Stable with



great Care and Tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, though he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Inquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and Good-nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmary of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.

MY worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

MY chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very

venerable Man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good



Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation: He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem, so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependent.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer

told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper; and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon. My Friend, says Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, though he does not shew it: I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every Day soliciting me for something in Behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-suit in the Parish since he has lived among them: if any Dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *English*,

and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.



AS Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached To-morrow (for it was *Saturday Night*) told us, the Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the Morning, and Dr. *South* in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Dr. *Barrow*, Dr. *Calamy*, with several living Authors who have

published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country-Clergy would follow this Example; and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsom Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People.



The *Coverley* Household

“Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt Æterna in Basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut Cunctis viam.”

PHÆDR. EPILOG. 1, 2.

THE Reception, manner of Attendance, undisturbed Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirmed me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aspect of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a

Member of it. There is one Particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir ROGER'S; it is usual in all other places, that Servants fly from the Parts of the House through which their Master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both Sides, as it were, understood as a Visit, when the Servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the human and equal Temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Estate, with such Œconomy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about him. Thus Respect and Love go together; and a certain Chearfulness in Performance of their Duty is the particular Distinction of the lower Part of this Family. When a Servant is called before his Master, he does not come with an Expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial Fault, threatened to be stripped or used with any other unbecoming Language, which mean Masters often give to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Road he took that he came so readily back according to Order; whether he passed by such a Ground, if the old Man who rents it is in good Health; or whether he gave Sir ROGER'S Love to him, or the like.

A Man who preserves a Respect, founded on his Benevolence to his Dependents, lives rather like a Prince than a Master in his Family; his Orders are received as Favours, rather than Duties; and the Distinction of approaching him is Part of the Reward for executing what is commanded by him.

THERE is another Circumstance in which my Friend excels in his Management, which is the Manner of rewarding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, that giving his cast Clothes to be worn by Valets has



a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a silly Sense of Equality between the Parties, in Persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this Occasion, and describe a young Gentleman abus-

ing his Man in that Coat, which a Month or two before was the most pleasing Distinction he was con-

scious of in himself. He would turn his Discourse still more pleasantly upon the Ladies Bounties of this kind ; and I have heard him say he knew a fine Woman, who distributed Rewards and Punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dresses to her Maids.

BUT my good Friend is above these little Instances of Good-will, in bestowing only Trifles on his Servants ; a good Servant to him is sure of having it in his Choice very soon of being no Servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an Husband, and knows so thoroughly that the Skill of the Purse is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life ; I say, he knows so well that Frugality is the support of Generosity, that he can often spare a large Fine when a Tenement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Servant who has a mind to go into the World, or make a Stranger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more comfortable Maintenance, if he stays in his Service.

A Man of Honour and Generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no Will but that of another, though it were of the best Person breathing, and for that Reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his Servants into independent Livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir ROGER'S Estate is tenanted by Persons who have served himself or his Ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the Visitants

from several Parts to welcome his Arrival into the Country; and all the Difference that I could take notice of between the late Servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the Family, was that these



latter were looked upon as finer Gentlemen and better Courtiers.

THIS Manumission and placing them in a way of Livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good Servant, which Encouragement will make his Successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the Narrowness of

those Minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them.

ONE might, on this Occasion, recount the Sense that Great Persons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their Dependents, and the Heroic Services which Men have done their Masters in the Extremity of their Fortunes ; and shewn to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was all the Difference between them ; but as I design this my Speculation only as a gentle Admonition to thankless Masters, I shall not go out of the Occurrences of common Life, but assert it as a good Observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER'S Family, and one or two more, good Servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER'S Kindness extends to their Children's Children, and this very Morning he sent his Coachman's Grandson to Prentice. I shall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Picture in his Gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future Observation.

AT the very upper End of this handsom Structure I saw the Portraiture of two young Men standing in a River, the one Naked, the other in a Livery. The Person supported seemed half Dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his Face exquisite Joy and Love towards the other. I thought the fainting Figure resembled my Friend Sir ROGER ; and looking at the

Butler, who stood by me, for an Account of it, he informed me that the Person in the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER'S, who stood on the Shore while his Master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden Illness, and sink under Water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the Dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great Bounty at that time, followed by his Favour ever since, had made him Master of that pretty Seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this House. I remembered indeed Sir ROGER said there lived a very worthy Gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfyed at some part of the Picture, my Attendant informed me that it was against Sir ROGER'S Will, and at the earnest Request of the Gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the Habit in which he had saved his Master.



Mr. Will Wimble.

“*Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.*”—PHÆDR.

AS I was Yesterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his House, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fish, which, he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very Morning; and that he presented it, with his Service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as soon as the Messenger left him.

“*Sir* ROGER,

“**I** Desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this Season. I intend to come and stay with you a Week, and see how the Perch

bite in the *Black River*. I observed with some Concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling-Green, that your Whip wanted a Lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last Week, which I hope will serve you all the Time you are in the Country. I have not been out of the Saddle for six Days last past, having been at *Eaton* with Sir *John's* eldest Son. He takes to his Learning hugely. I am,

"Sir, Your Humble Servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."



THIS extraordinary Letter, and Message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. *Will Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Business and born to no

Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendant of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May-fly* to a Miracle; and furnishes the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a good-natured officious Fellow, and very much esteemed upon Account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-Root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a Couple of Friends that live perhaps in the opposite Sides of the Country. *Will* is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has *made* himself. He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters; and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear?* These Gentleman-like Manufactures and obliging little humours make *Will* the Darling of the Country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three Hazle-twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir



ROGER'S Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the House. I was very much pleased to observe on one Side the hearty and sincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other, the secret Joy which his Guest discovered at Sight of the good old Knight. After the first Salutes were over, *Will* desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttlecocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that lived about a Mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a Present for above this half year. Sir ROGER'S Back was no

sooner turned but honest *Will* began to tell me of a large Cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the same Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and most delight in ; for which Reason I was as much pleased with the Novelty of the Person that talked to me, as he could be for his Life with the springing of a Pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary Attention.

IN the midst of his Discourse the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served up for the first Dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with

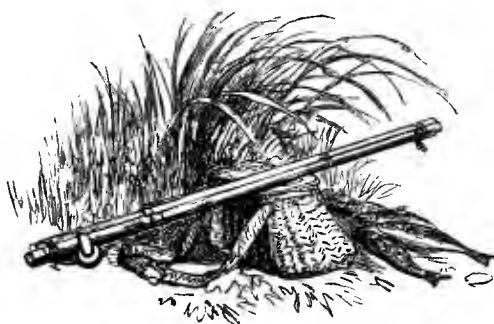


it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars that lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of the Dinner, which concluded with a late invention of *Will's* for improving the Quail-pipe.

UPON withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest Gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an Heart and such busy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles; that so much Humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much Industry so little advantageous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Esteem, and have raised his Fortune in another Station of Life. What Good to his Country or himself might not a Trader or a Merchant have done with such useful though ordinary Qualifications?

WILL WIMBLE's is the Case of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profession that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills several Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happiness of a Trading Nation,

like ours, that the younger Sons, though incapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be placed in such a way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their Family: Accordingly we find several Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to greater Estates than those of their elder Brothers. It is not improbable but *WILL* was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, his Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for Studies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned for the Occupations of Trade and Commerce.





“Abnormis sapiens——.”—HOR.

I WAS this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the End opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped I liked the Conversation of so much good Company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the Pictures, and as he is a Gentleman who does not a little value himself upon

his ancient Descent, I expected he would give me some Account of them. We were now arrived at the Upper-end of the Gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the Pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying Things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regular Introduction, or Care to preserve the Appearance of Chain of Thought.

"IT is," said he, "worth while to consider the Force of Dress ; and how the Persons of one Age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general Fashion of one Age has been followed by one particular Set of People in another, and by them preserved from one Generation to another. Thus the vast jetting Coat and small Bonnet, which was the Habit in *Harry* the Seventh's Time, is kept on in the Yeomen of the Guard ; not without a good and politick View, because they look a Foot taller, and a Foot and an half broader : Besides that the Cap leaves the Face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the Entrance of Palaces.

"THIS Predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his Cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a Hat as I am. He was the last Man that won a Prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a



Common Street before *Whitehall*). You see the broken Lance that lies there by his right Foot ; He shivered that Lance of his Adversary all to Pieces ; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the Target of the Gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible Force before him on the Pommel of his Saddle,

he in that manner rid the Turnament over, with an Air that shewed he did it rather to perform the Rule of the Lists, than expose his Enemy ; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a Victory, and with a gentle Trot he marched up to a Gallery where their Mistress sat (for they were Rivals) and let him down with laudable Courtesy and pardonable Insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the Coffee-house is now.

“YOU are to know this my Ancestor was not only of a military Genius, but fit also for the Arts of Peace,

for he played on the Bass-Viol as well as any Gentleman at Court; you see where his Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt Sword. The Action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the greatest Beauty of her Time; here she stands the next Picture. You see, Sir, my Great Great Great Grandmother has on the new-fashioned Petticoat, except that the Modern is gathered at the Waste; my Grandmother appears as if she stood in a large Drum, whereas the Ladies now walk as if they were in a Go-Cart. For all this Lady was bred at Court, she became an excellent Country-Wife, she brought ten Children, and when I shew you the Library, you shall see in her own Hand, (allowing for the Difference of the Language) the best Receipt now in *England* both for an Hasty-pudding and a White-pot.



“IF you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next Pictures at one

View; these are three Sisters. She on the right Hand, who is so very beautiful, died a Maid: the next to her, still handsomer, had the same Fate, against her Will; this Homely Thing in the middle had both their Portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring Gentleman, a Man of Stratagem and Resolution, for he poisoned three Mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two Deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all Families: The Theft of this Romp and so much Money, was no great matter to our Estate. But the next Heir that possessed it was this soft Gentleman, whom you see there: Observe the small Buttons, the little Boots, the Laces, the Slashes about his Clothes, and above all the Posture he is drawn in, (which to be sure was his own choosing;) you see he sits with one Hand on a Desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was one of those that had too much Wit to know how to live in the World; he was a Man of no Justice, but great Good-Manners; he ruined every Body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his Life; the most indolent Person in the World, he would sign a Deed that passed away half his Estate with his Gloves on, but would not put on his



Hat before a Lady if it were to save his Country. He is said to be the first that made Love by squeezing the Hand. He left the Estate with ten thousand Pounds Debt upon it: but however by all Hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest Gentleman in the World. That Debt lay

heavy on our House for one Generation, but it was retrieved by a Gift from that honest Man you see there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know SIR ANDREW FREEPORT has said behind my Back, that this Man was descended from one of the ten Children of the Maid of Honour I shewed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because Money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my Friend a little embarrassed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.



SIR ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following manner. "This Man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the Honour of our House, SIR HUMPHREY DE COVERLEY; he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Tradesman, and as generous as a Gen-

tleman. He would have thought himself as much

undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be followed by Bankruptcy. He served his Country as Knight of this Shire to his dying Day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an Integrity in his Words and Actions, even in things that regarded the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in the Care of his own Affairs and Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where he must be exposed to the Snares of Ambition. Innocence of Life and great Ability were the distinguishing Parts of his Character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the Destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the same Signification. He was an excellent Husbandman, but had resolv'd not to exceed such a Degree of Wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret Bounties many years after the Sum he aimed at for his own Use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his Industry, but to a decent old Age spent the Life and Fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the Service of his Friends and Neighbours."

HERE we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Discourse of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Ancestor was a brave Man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the

Civil Wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the Field upon a private Message, the Day before the Battle of *Worcester*."

The Whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a Day of Danger, with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wisdom or Simplicity.





The GHOSTS' walk

“Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.”—VIRG.

AT a little distance from Sir ROGER'S House, among the Ruins of an old Abbey, there is a long Walk of aged Elms ; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the Rooks and Crows that rest upon the Tops of them seem to be Cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this sort of Noise, which I con-

sider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation, and who, in the beautiful Language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. I like this Retirement the better, because of an ill Report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which Reason (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butler desired me with a very grave Face not to venture myself in it after Sun-set, for that one of the Footmen



had been almost frightened out of his Wits by a Spirit that appear'd to him in the Shape of a black Horse without an Head; to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maids coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, heard such a Rustling among the Bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a Walk in this Place last Night between the Hours of

Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper Scenes in the World for a Ghost to appear in. The Ruins of the Abbey are scattered up and down on every Side, and half covered with Ivy and Elder-Bushes, the Harbours of several solitary Birds which seldom make their Appearance till the Dusk of the Evening. The Place was formerly a Churchyard, and has still several Marks in it of Graves and Burying-Places. There is such an Echo among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the Sound repeated. At the same time the Walk of Elms, with the Croaking of the Ravens which from time to time



are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise Seriousness and Attention; and when Night heightens the Awfulness of the Place, and pours out her supernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at

all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. *LOCKE*, in his Chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to shew how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Resemblance to one another in the Nature of things. Among several Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Instance. *The Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do with Darkness than Light: Yet let but a foolish Maid inculcate these often on the Mind of a Child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but Darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful Ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other.*

AS I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk of the Evening conspired with so many other Occasions of Terror, I observed a Cow grazing not far from me, which an Imagination that was apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black Horse without an Head: And I dare say the poor Footman lost his Wits upon some such trivial Occasion.

MY Friend Sir *ROGER* has often told me with a good deal of Mirth, that at his first coming to his

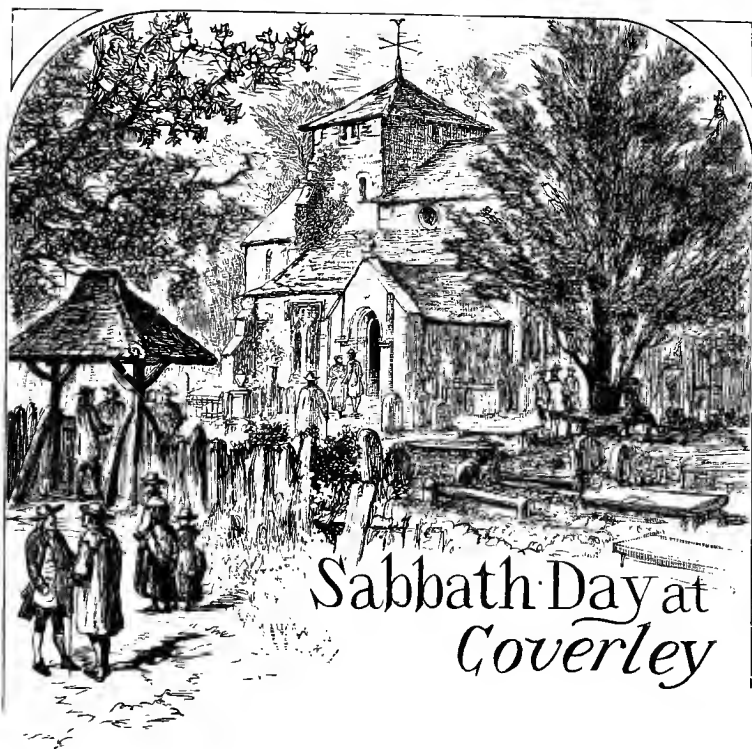
Estate he found three Parts of his House altogether useless ; that the best Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up ; that Noises had been heard in his long Gallery, so that he could not get a

Servant to enter it after eight o'Clock at Night ; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, because there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly hang'd himself in it ; and that his Mother, who



lived to a great Age, had shut up half the Rooms in the House, in which either her Husband, a Son, or Daughter had died. The Knight seeing his Habitation reduced to so small a Compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own House, upon the Death of his Mother ordered all the Apartments to be flung open and *exorcised* by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that means dissipated the Fears which had so long reigned in the Family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous Horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all Parts of the Country. At the same time I think a Person who is thus terrified with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the Report of all Historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give myself up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other Matters of Fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion.



“Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τιμά.”

PYTHAG.

I AM always very well pleased with a Country *Sunday*, and think, if keeping holy the seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would soon degenerate

into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest Habits to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discussed in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

MY Friend Sir ROGER, being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own choosing: He has likewise given a handsom Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found his Parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant Singing Master, who

goes about the Country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four



times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old

Friend, in the midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances



of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character makes his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

AS soon as the Sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the



Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side: and every now

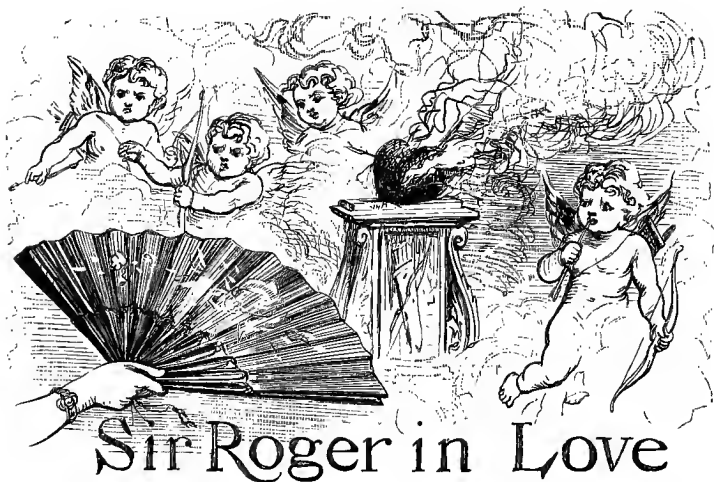
and then inquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church ; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

THE Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechising Day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place ; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

THE fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers ; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to

them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

FEUDS of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazzled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.



“Hærent infixi pectore vultus.”—VIRG.

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth ; which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House : As soon as we came into it, “It is,” quoth the good old Man, looking round him with a Smile, “very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did ; and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and

her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passions by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World."

HERE followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that cheerful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

"I came to my Estate in my Twenty second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most worthy of my Ancestors who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good

Neighbourhood, for the sake of my Fame; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the sake of my Health. In my Twenty third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my Servants, Officers and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that public Occasion of shewing my Figure



and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to Yourself what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court, to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court, with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one Eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no



sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised Booby ; and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated Calf as I was, Make way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Counsel, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour ; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no farther Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship : She is always accompanied by a Confident,

who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

“HOWEVER, I must needs say this accomplished



Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was the tamest and most humane of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries, new-paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of



this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm herself with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to

her Presence with great Civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philosopher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particulars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers turning to her says, I am very glad to observe Sir ROGER pauses upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleases to speak.



They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a Discourse to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature——But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you



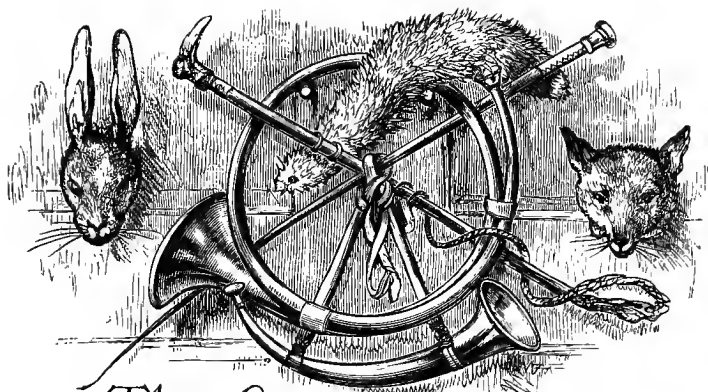
would be in the same Condition ; for as her Speech is Musick, her Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her ; but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature ! she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men."

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company ; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse ;

though he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render into *English*, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

*Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur :
Cænat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia ; Si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ Patri cùm Luce Salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.*

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk ;
Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of *Nævia*, or be mute.
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.



The COVERLY HUNT.

“ Ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano.”—JUV.

HAD not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of Motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials,

but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Increase, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

MY Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower End of the Hall is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which



the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Woodcocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER showed me one of them that for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours' riding, carried him through half a Dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest

Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death of several Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure to pay for it. In Proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that sits within ten Miles of his House.

AFTER what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in; and



which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at some of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his

youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season; and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes; having destroyed more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends, that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horses were the finest and best managed in all these Parts: His Tenants are still full of the Praises of a gray Stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

SIR ROGER, being at present too old for Fox-hunting, to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a complete Consort.

He is so nice in this Particular, that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility; but desired him



to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Bass*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakespeare*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in *the Midsummer Night's Dream*.

*My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan Kind,
So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew.
Crook-kneed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian Bulls.
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each : A Cry more tuneable
Was never hollowed to, nor chear'd with Horn.*

SIR ROGER is so keen at this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day since I came down ; and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevailed on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers' Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a



Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by ; which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Inquiry after their Fathers and Uncles.

AFTER we had rid about a Mile from Home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm ; but to no purpose, 'till Sir ROGER, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if Puss was gone that Way?* Upon my answering *Yes*, he immediately called in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country-Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of the silent Gentleman's crying STOLE AWAY.*

THIS, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Pleasure of the whole Chace, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her ; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight

forwards, or in Hunter's Language, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such Manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport. I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs sometime afterwards unravelling the whole Track she had made, and following her through all her Doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at a Fault, and an old Hound of Reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog, or one who was a noted *Liar*, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken notice of.

THE Hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompassed by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the Chace was almost at an end, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed



the Pack. The Fellow was in the right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us followed by the full Cry *in View*. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Cheerfulness of every thing around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Echo from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hollowing of the Sportsmen, and the Sounding of

the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her Enemies; when the Huntsman getting forward threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been pursuing for almost as many Hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden Stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his Servants with an Order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard; where it seems he has several of these Prisoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleased to see the Discipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his Heart to murder a Creature that had given him so much Diversion.

FOR my own part I intend to hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and shall prescribe the moderate Use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.



I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines
out of Mr. *Dryden*.

*THE first Physicians by Debauch were made ;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chace our long-lived Fathers earned their Food ;
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood ;*

*But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend:
God never made his Work for Man to mend.*





The *Goverly* WITCH

“Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.”—VIRG.

THERE are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Neuter, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary in a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up ourselves to neither.

IT is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West-*

Indies, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an Inter-course and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Understanding and crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches, my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions; or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witchcraft: but at the same time can give no Credit to any particular Instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied herself to me for

my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in *Otway*.

*In a close Lane as I pursued my Journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palsy shook her Head; her Hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hanging,
Which served to keep her Carcase from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a Piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.*



AS I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they

always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she made any Mistake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she should offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White*, and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the

Dairy-maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she should have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected Escape from the



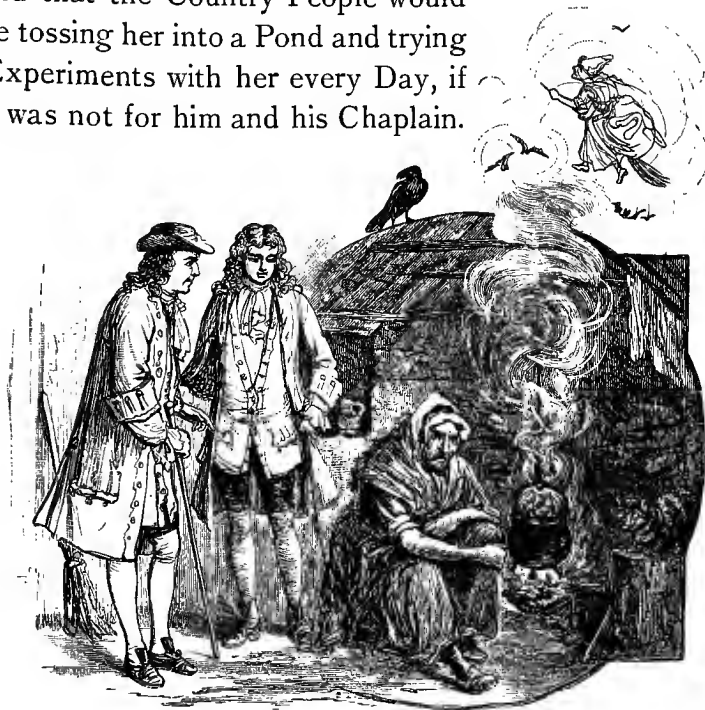
Hounds, the Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the Master of the Pack upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

THIS Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which upon looking that Way, I found to be an old Broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that sat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* herself; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbour's Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

IN our Return home, Sir ROGER told me, that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare;

and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.



I have since found upon Inquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions had not his Chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this Account, be-

cause I hear there is scarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret Commerce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People with a Malevolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of our Species, in whom human Nature is defaced by Infirmary and Dotage.



Country Lovemaking

“Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.” – VIRG.

THIS agreeable Seat is surrounded with so many pleasing Walks which are struck out of a Wood in the midst of which the House stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of Delight to another. To one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the Mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with Tranquillity. This State of Mind was I in, ravished with the Murmur of Waters, the Whisper of Breezes, the Singing of

Birds ; and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned on the Prospects around me, still struck with new Sense of Pleasure ; when I found by the Voice of my Friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the Grove sacred to the Widow. This Woman, says he, is of all others the most unintelligible ; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her Lovers she has any Resolution against that Condition of Life in general, or that she banishes them ; but conscious of her own Merit, she permits their Addresses without fear of any ill Consequence, or want of Respect, from their Rage or Despair. She has that in her Aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose Thoughts are constantly built upon so agreeable an Object, must be excused if the ordinary Occurrences in Conversation are below his Attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas ! why do I call her so ? Because her superior Merit is such, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Esteem : I am angry that her Charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her : How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an Opportunity of serving her ? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being

obliged? Well I have led a miserable Life in secret upon her Account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confidant.

Of all Persons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be sure to set a Mark upon Confidants: they are of all People the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the Merit of the Persons whom they have in their Custody. *Orestilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprises, therefore full of Suspensions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themista*, her favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confidant shall treat you with an Air of Distance; let her be a Fortune, and she assumes the suspicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women



of Distinction are to all Intents and Purposes married, except the Consideration of different Sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whisperer ; and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of these Attendants of all Men in general, and still avoid the Man they most like. You do not see one Heiress in a hundred whose Fate does not turn upon this Circumstance of choosing a Confidant. Thus it is that the Lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman. In my case, how is it possible that——

Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these Words, “ What, not one Smile ? ” We followed the Sound till we came to a close Thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young Woman sitting as it were in a personated Sullenness just over a transparent Fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. *William*, Sir ROGER’S Master of the Game. The Knight whispered me, “ Hist, these are Lovers.” The Huntsman looking earnestly at the Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream, “ Oh thou dear Picture, if thou couldst remain there in the Absence of that fair Creature, whom you represent in the Water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear *Betty* herself with any Mention of

her unfortunate *William*, whom she is angry with : But alas ! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—— Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest *Betty* thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her *William* : Her Absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers



to remove thee, I'll jump into these Waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear Person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one Smile——It is too much to bear——” He had no sooner spoke these Words but he made an Offer of throwing himself into the Water: At which his Mistress started up, and at the next Instant he jumped across the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her Fright, said in the most charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, “I thought how well you would drown yourself.



No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of *Susan Holiday*.” The Huntsman, with a Tenderness that spoke the most passionate Love, and with his Cheek close to hers, whispered the softest Vows of Fidelity in her Ear, and cryèd, “Don't, my Dear, believe a Word *Kate Willow* says; she is spiteful and makes Stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.”

Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you see there, all Mischief comes from Confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honest, and the Man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her Father: I will interpose in this Matter, and hasten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty mischievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her Condition. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more Discreet than she was herself: However, the saucy thing said the other Day well enough, "Sir ROGER and I must make a Match, for we are both despised by those we loved:" The Hussy has a great deal of Power wherever she comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

HOWEVER, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: Whenever she is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has streaked all my Conduct with a Softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable

things are grown into my Temper, which I should not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a Passion as I have had is never well-cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my most serious Discourse I let fall some comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phrase that makes the Company laugh; However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent Woman. When she



is in the Country I warrant she does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glass Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to see them work, and observe the Policies of their Commonwealth. She understands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend

Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my Word for it she is no Fool.



On *Country* Etiquette

“Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.” VIRG

THE first and most obvious Reflexions which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good-breeding as they show themselves in the Town and in the Country.

AND here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happened in this Article of

Good-breeding. Several obliging Deferences, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the height of Good-breeding. The fashionable World is grown free and easy; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good-breeding shews itself most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

IF after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the polite World, but the Town has dropped

them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reigned in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World, by his Excess of Good-breeding. A polite Country 'Squire shall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would serve a Courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices' Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.



THIS Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER'S Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest *Will Wimble*, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble

in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am



served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me ; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile 'till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

THERE has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good-breeding,

which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases ; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his *Ideas* in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This

kind of Good-manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extreme; so that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in *France*, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

THIS infamous Piece of Good-breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their Good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

AS the two Points of Good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much behind-hand. The

Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-dresses.





Sir Roger at the ASSIZES.

“Comes iucundus in via pro vehiculo est.”—PUBL.



MAN'S first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to escape the Censures of the World: If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be intirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honest Mind, than to see those Approbations which it gives itself seconded by the Applauses of the Publick: A Man is more sure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and

esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will Wimble* and myself with him to the County Assizes: As we were upon the Road *Will Wimble* joined a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my Friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their Characters.



THE first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man: He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: in short, he is a very

sensible Man; shoots flying; and has been several times Foreman of the Petty Jury.

THE other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution: His Father left him four-score Pounds a Year; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willow-Tree.

AS Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will Wimble* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir ROGER, *Will* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will* it seems had been giving his Fellow-Travellers an Account of his Angling one Day in such a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might *take the Law of him* for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard



them both, upon a round Trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

THE Court was sat before Sir ROGER came; but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at

the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, *That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit.* I was listening to the Proceeding of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick Administration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprise, in the midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain for him, 'till



I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

UPON his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country People that Sir ROGER *was up*. The Speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

IN our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest ourselves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER,

put him up in a Sign-post before the Door; so that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew any thing of the Matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his Servant's Indiscretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Goodwill, he only told



him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few Touches, and that he himself would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a pair of Whiskers to the

Face, and by a little Aggravation of the Features to change it into the *Saracen's-Head*. I should not have known this Story had not the Inn-keeper, upon Sir ROGER'S alighting, told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back last Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his usual Chearfulness related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expressions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of my old Friend. Sir



ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for People to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my usual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my Countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both Sides.*

THESE several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels.



On Party Spirit

“Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.”—VIRG.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was a School-boy, which was at a time when the Feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a Stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the Way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the Person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his Question, called him a young Popish Cur, and asked him who had made

Anne a Saint ! The boy, being in some Confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the Way to *Anne's Lane* ; but was called a prick-eared Cur for his Pains, and instead of being shewn the Way, was told that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former Question, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, asked what they called the Name of that Lane. By which ingenious Artifice he found out the Place he inquired after, without giving offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally closes this Narrative with Reflexions on the Mischief that Parties do in the Country ; how they spoil good Neighbourhood, and make honest Gentlemen hate one another ; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Destruction of the Game.

AS in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious Spirit of Passion and Prejudice, which rages with the same Violence in all Parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some Good in this Particular, because I observe that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and rustick Fierceness, to which Men of a politer Conversation are wholly Strangers. It

extends itself even to the Return of the Bow and the Hat; and at the same time that the Heads of Parties preserve towards one another an outward Show of Good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourse of Civilities, their Tools that are dispersed in these outlying Parts will not so much as mingle together at a Cock-match. This Humour fills the Country with several periodical Meetings of Whig Jockies and Tory



Fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curses, Frowns, and Whispers it produces at a Quarter-Sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE

COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monied* Interest. This Humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Rallery, which very often diverts the rest of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his Interest. In all our Journey from *London* to his House we did not so much as bait at a Whig-Inn; or if by chance



the Coachman stopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER'S Servants would ride up to his Master full Speed, and whisper to him that the Master of the House was against such an one in the last Election. This often betrayed us into hard Beds and bad Cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and, provided our Landlord's Principles were sound, did not take any Notice of the Staleness of his Provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Host was, the worse generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well that those who were his Friends would take up with coarse Diet and an hard Lodging. For these Reasons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into an House of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest Man.

SINCE my Stay at Sir ROGER'S in the Country, I daily find more Instances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon a Bowling-green at a Neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I observed a Stranger among them of a better Presence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *Better*, no Body would take him up. But upon Inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable

Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reason there was not a Man upon that Bowling-green who would have so much Correspondence with him as to win his Money of him.

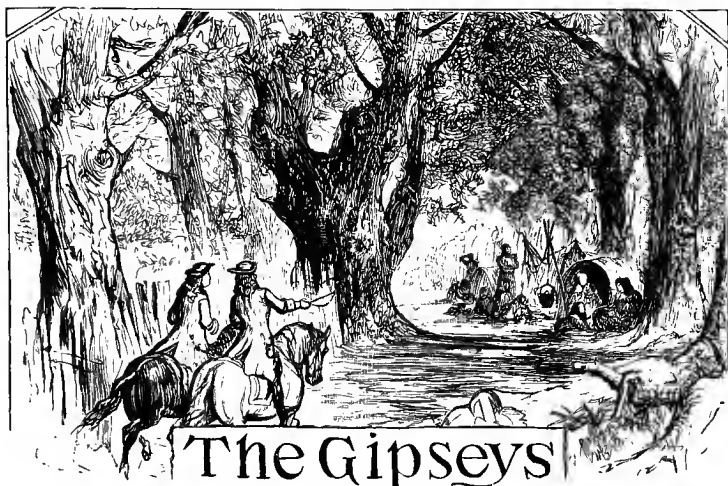
AMONG other instances of this Nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. *Will Wimble* was the other Day relating several strange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such Things in the Country, which had never been so much as whispered in the Town, *Will*

stopped short in the Thread of his Discourse, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was sure that I was not a Fanatick.



IT gives me a serious Concern to see such a Spirit of Dissension in the Country; not only as it destroys

Virtue and common Sense, and renders us in a manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animosities, widens our Breaches, and transmits our present Passions and Prejudices to our Posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the Seeds of a Civil War in these our Divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first Principles, the Miseries and Calamities of our Children.



The Gipseys

“Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere raptò.”—VIRG.

AS I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gipsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the *Justice of the Peace* upon such a Band of Lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants.

If a stray Piece of Linen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it ; if the Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey ; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them ; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it : They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year ; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to

have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-maid who crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young

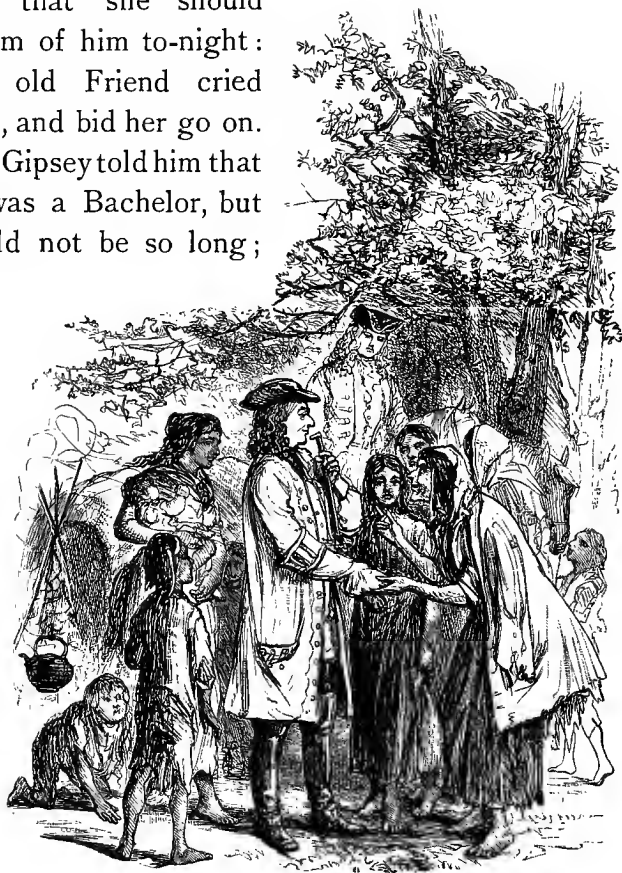


Fellow in the Parish for her pains. Your Friend the Butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them ; and, though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gipsy for

above half an Hour once in a Twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have very often white Teeth and black Eyes.

SIR ROGER observing that I listned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so intirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gipseey finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a farther Inquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant,

and that she should
dream of him to-night :
My old Friend cried
Pish, and bid her go on.
The Gipsey told him that
he was a Bachelor, but
would not be so long ;



and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought :
The Knight still repeated She was an idle Baggage,
and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gipsey, that

roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you han't that Simper about the Mouth for nothing —— The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

AS we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gipseys now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his Good-humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was picked: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dexterous.





A Letter from LONDON

“*Ipsæ rursum concedite Sylvæ.*”—VIRG.

IT is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he beats about in search of a Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this Means the Breed about his House has time to increase and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and

where it does not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

IN the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportsmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down, with some Pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring anything to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Rest to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, I promise myself abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

IT is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, since I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character: My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

THE Notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. *Will Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a Conjuror; and some of them hearing of the Visit which I made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER'S Party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his Table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit in his House, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give some Account of myself.

ON the other side, some of Sir ROGER'S Friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing Fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of Place.



SUCH is the Variety of Opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others for a Popish Priest, among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells them, *That it is my way*, and that I am only a Philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

FOR these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* to-morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper,

who does not love jollity, and what they call good Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not



care for sacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer; that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and

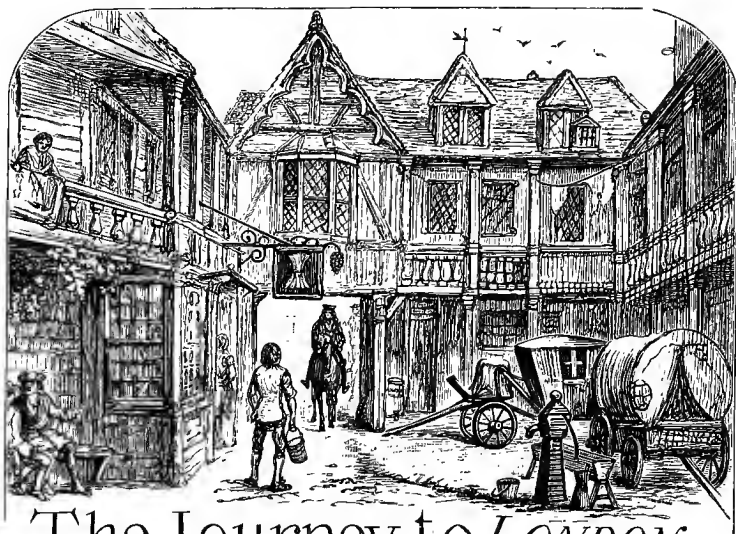
at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

“ *Dear SPEC,*

“ I Suppose this Letter will find thee picking of Daisies, or smelling to a Lock of Hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent Country Diversion of the like Nature. I have however Orders from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our Company, after thy Conversations with *Moll White* and *Will Wimble*. Pr’ythee don’t send us up any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER’S Dairy-Maids. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of the Club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every Mother’s Son of us Commonwealth’s Men.

“ *Dear SPEC, Thine Eternally,*

“ WILL HONEYCOMB.”



The Journey to *LONDON*

“Qui, aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.”—TULL.

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County-Town at Twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant, who waited upon me, inquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable* the

great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother; a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go;) young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to;) *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian; and a Gentlemen that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S. I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports for the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me.

THE next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coachman, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's Things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloke-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: and the Captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Men to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.



WE were in some little time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that dislike which People not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity: and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a word," continued he,

“I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!” This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own,



and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. “Come,” said he, “resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be

the Brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, "This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant,



understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father."

THE Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely

and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a Light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy Fulness, but thy Emptiness that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it, Friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of

thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the Hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it as an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high Road."

HERE *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of my Journey. I was going to give myself Airs, but, Ladies, I beg Pardon."

THE Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being soured by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim*: and the Captain looked

to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence.



THE Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them : But when I considered the Company we were in, I took it for no small Good-fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to the one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering.

WHAT therefore *Ephraim* said when we were

almost arrived at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary Part of human Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man, when he falleth in the way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparel are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thyself terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it."



Sir Roger in *LONDON*.

"Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas." OVID.

I WAS this Morning surprised with a great knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's Daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a Man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly Person, but that she did not

know his Name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told me that his Master came to Town last Night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in *Gray's-Inn Walks*. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having lately received any Letter from him, he told me that his Master was come up to get a Sight of Prince *Eugene*, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the Curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private Discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater Man than *Scanderbeg*.

I was no'sooner come into *Grays-Inn Walks*, but I heard my Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make use of his own Phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the Strength which he still exerts in his Morning Hemms.

I was touched with a secret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he saw me was engaged in Conversation with a Beggar-Man that had asked an



Alms of him. I could hear my Friend chide him for not finding out some Work; but at the same time saw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six-pence.

OUR Salutations were very hearty on both

Sides, consisting of many kind Shakes of the Hand, and several affectionate Looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Doctor *Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay an Obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners.

HE then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Fob and presented me in his Name with a Tobacco-

Stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busy all the Beginning of the Winter, in turning great Quantities of them; and that he made a Present of one to every Gentleman in the Country who has good Principles, and smokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great Tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the Law of him for cutting some Hazel Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

AMONG other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country Seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a Month after her Death the Wind was so very high, that it blew down the End of one of his Barns. But for my own Part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old Woman had any Hand in it.

HE afterwards fell into an Account of the Diversions which had passed in his House during the Holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable Custom of his Ancestors, always keeps open House at *Christmas*. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat Hogs for this Season, that he had dealt about his Chines very liberally amongst his Neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of Hogs'-puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the middle



of Winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable Time of the Year, when the poor People would suffer very much from their Poverty and Cold, if they had not good Cheer, warm Fires, and *Christmas* Gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt, to my small Beer, and set it a running for twelve Days to every one that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince-Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my Tenants pass away a



whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and smutting one another. Our Friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish Tricks upon these Occasions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflexion of my old Friend, which carried so much Goodness in it. He then lunched out into the Praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of *England*, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it



already began to take Effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on *Christmas Day*, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his Plum-porridge.



AFTER having dispatched all our Country Matters, Sir ROGER made several Inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEPORT.

He asked me with a kind of a Smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the Advantage of his Absence, to vent among them

some of his Republican Doctrines; but soon after gathering up his Countenance into a more than ordinary Seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a Hand in the Pope's Procession—— but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to talk of Publick Matters.

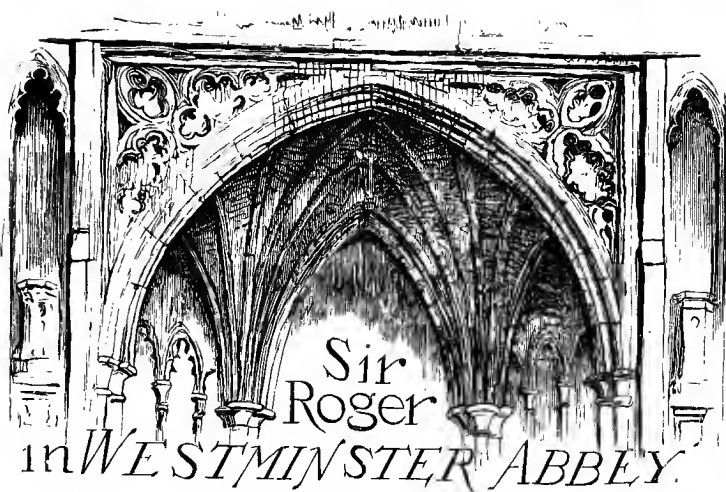
THE Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promise to get him a Stand in some convenient Place where he might have a full Sight of that extraordinary Man, whose Presence does so much Honour to the *British* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praises of this Great General, and I found that, since I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Observations together out of his reading in *Baker's* Chronicle, and other Authors, who always lie in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

HAVING passed away the greatest Part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflexions, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a Pipe with him over a Dish of Coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old Man, I take Delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the

Eyes of the whole Room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee,



a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an Air of Chearfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniences about him.



“Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, et Ancus.”—HOR.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY told me t’other Night, that he had been reading my Paper upon *Westminster-Abbey*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious Fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read History. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight’s Head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last Summer upon *Baker’s Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his Disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to Town. Accordingly

I promised to call upon him the next Morning, that we might go together to the *Abbey*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's Hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner Dressed, than he called for a Glass of the Widow *Trueby's* Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a Dram of it at the



same time, with so much Heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I had made several wry Faces, told me

that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the World against the Stone or Gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the Virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of Good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection, and that he got together a Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at *Dantzick*: When of a sudden turning short to one of his Servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a Hackney-Coach, and take care it was an elderly Man that drove it.

HE then resumed his Discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's* Water, telling me that the Widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the Country: That she distilled every Poppy that grew within five Miles of her; that she distributed her Water *gratis* among all sorts of People; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great Jointure, and that the whole Country would fain have it a Match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

HIS Discourse was broken off by his Man's telling

him he had called a Coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axletree was good; upon the



Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

WE had not gone far, when Sir ROGER, popping out his Head, called the Coachman down from his Box, and, upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happened in the remaining Part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West-end of the *Abbey*.

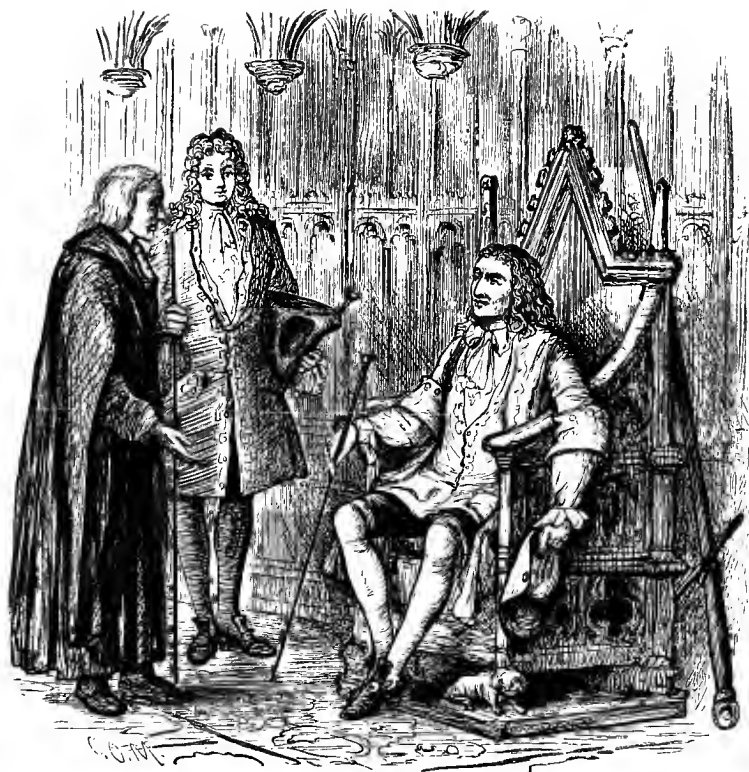
AS we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cried out, A brave Man I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his hand that way, and cried, Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*! a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Busby's* Tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man! he whipped my Grandfather; a very



great Man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead; a very great Man!

WE were immediately conducted into the little Chapel on the right hand. Sir ROGER, planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* Head. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his Knees; and concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifry, who died by the prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her Name and Family; and after having regarded her Finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

WE were then conveyed to the two Coronation Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair; and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothick* King, asked our Interpreter, what Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The Fellow, instead of returning



him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned ; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good-humour and whispered in my Ear, that if WILL WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two

Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.



SIR ROGER, in the next Place, laid his hand upon *Edward* the Third's Sword, and leaning upon the Pommel of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that, in *Sir Richard Baker's* Opinion,

Edward the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sat upon the *English* Throne.

WE were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us there was fine Reading in the Casualties of that Reign.

OUR Conductor then pointed to that Monument where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head; and upon giving us to know, that

the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since: Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir ROGER; you ought to lock up your Kings better; they will carry off the Body too, if you don't take care.

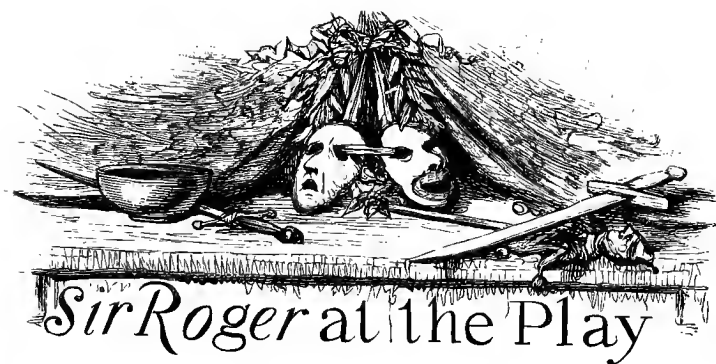
THE glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprise, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

FOR my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made



him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man; for which reason he shook him by the Hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at leisure.



“ Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.”—HOR.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great Mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-England Comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School-boy, he had read his Life at the End of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I



thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night; for I observed two or three lusty black Men that followed me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a trick

in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand Tricks they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen

had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it : for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk-street*, where I doubled the Corner and got Shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'Clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

THE Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same Sword which he made use of at the Battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER'S Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his Coach, with myself at his left-hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoyed him in safety to the Playhouse, where after having marched up the Entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him



with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Centre to a tragick Audience. Upon the entering of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old

Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.



WHEN Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whispered me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else,



he whispered me in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is the Play according to your Dramatic Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always

talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the meaning of.

THE Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's Ghost*. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering he took for *Astyanax*; but quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he

should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap, to which Sir ROGER added, On my Word, a notable young Baggage!

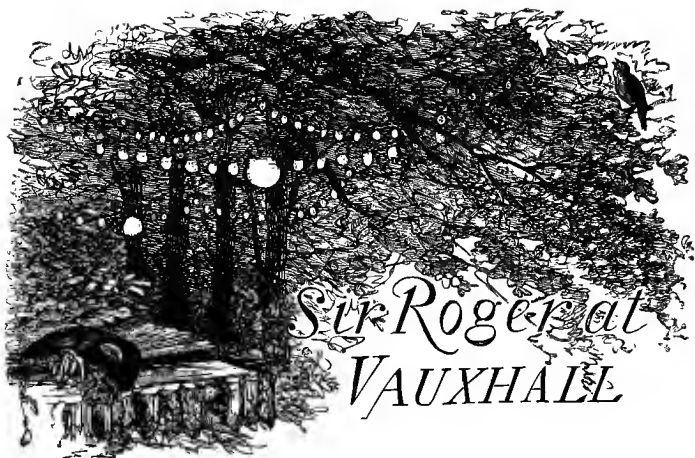
AS there was a very remarkable Silence and Stilness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players and of their respective Parts. Sir ROGER hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time: And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three Wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the Elbow, and whispered something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of the fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was



glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterward *Orestes* in his raving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an Evil Conscience, adding, that *Orestes*, in his Madness, looked as if he saw something.

AS we were the first that came into the House, so

we were the last that went out of it ; being resolved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the Crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the Playhouse ; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been presented, but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the old Man.



“Criminibus debent Hortos —.”—JUV.

AS I was sitting in my Chamber and thinking on a Subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular Bounces at my Landlady's Door, and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful Voice inquiring whether the Philosopher was at Home. The Child who went to the Door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good Friend Sir ROGER'S Voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the Water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good Evening. The Knight put me in mind of my Promise from the bottom of the Stair-Case, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the

Children of the Family got about my old Friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating Gossip, engaged in a Conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little Boy upon the Head, and bidding him be a good Child, and mind his Book.



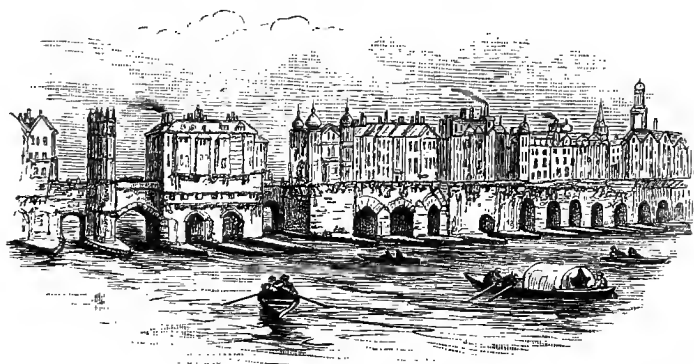
WE were no sooner come to the *Temple-Stairs*, but we were surrounded with a Crowd of

Watermen, offering us their respective Services. Sir ROGER after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a Wooden-Leg, and immediately gave him Orders to get his Boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a Leg or an Arm. I would rather bate him a few Strokes of his Oar than not employ an honest Man that has been wounded in the Queen's Service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a Fellow in my Livery that had not a Wooden Leg.*



MY old Friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the Boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober Man, always serves for Ballast on these Occasions, we made the best of our Way for *Vaux-Hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the History of his right Leg, and hearing that he had left it at *La Hogue*, with many Particulars which passed in that

glorious Action, the Knight in the Triumph of his Heart made several Reflexions on the Greatness of the *British Nation* ; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen* ; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our Fleet ; that the *Thames* was the noblest River in *Europe* ; that *London-Bridge* was a greater piece of Work, than any of the



seven Wonders of the World ; with many other honest Prejudices which naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman*.

AFTER some short Pause, the old Knight turning about his Head twice or thrice, to take a Survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with Churches, and that there was scarce a single Steeple on this side *Temple-Bar*. *A most Heathenish Sight !* says Sir ROGER: *There is no*

Religion at this End of the Town. The fifty new Churches will very much mend the Prospect; but Church-work is slow, Church-work is slow!

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir ROGER'S Character, his Custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a Good-morrow, or a Good-night. This the old Man does out of the overflows of his Humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his Country Neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this Exercise of Benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening Walk. It broke from him to several Boats that passed by us upon the Water; but to the Knight's great Surprise, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young Fellows a little before our landing, one of



them, instead of returning the Civility, asked us, what queer old Put we had in the Boat, with a great deal of the like *Thames-Ribaldry*. Sir ROGER seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a Face of Magistracy, told, us *That if he were a Middlesex Justice, he would make such Vagrants know that her Majesty's Subjects were no more to be abused by Water than by Land.*

WE were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers, with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their Shades, I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of *Mahometan Paradise*. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the World that pleases a Man in Love so much as your Nightingale.* Ah, Mr. SPECTATOR! *the many Moon-light Nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the Widow by the Musick of the Nightingale!* He here fetched a deep Sigh, and was falling into a Fit of musing, when a Mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle Tap upon the Shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a Bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight being



startled at so unexpected a Familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his Thoughts of the Widow, told her, *She was a wanton Baggage*, and bid her go about her Business.

WE concluded our Walk with a Glass of *Burton-Ale*, and a Slice of Hung-Beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the Remainder to the Waterman that had but one Leg. I perceived the Fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the Message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's Commands with a peremptory Look.



WILLHONEYCOMB his Amours

“Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam ;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.”—VIRG.

AS we were at the Club last Night, I observed my Friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the Company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Cork. I jogged Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us ; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his Head, and heard him say, to himself, *A foolish Woman ! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle pat upon the Shoulder, and offered to lay him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering out of his brown Study, told Sir ANDREW that once in his Life he had been in the

right. In short, after some little Hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the Fulness of his Heart that he had just received a Letter from his Steward, which acquainted him that his old Rival and Antagonist in the Country, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon Love as his particular Province, interrupting our Friend with a jaunty Laugh; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think that without Vanity I may pretend to know as much of the Female World as any Man in *Great Britain*, though the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL immediately, with his usual Fluency, rambled into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he, upon the Verge of Fifty, (though by the way we all knew he was turned of Threescore.) You may easily guess, continued WILL, that I have not lived so long in the World without having had some Thoughts of *settling* in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my Success.

I made my first Addresses to a young Lady in the Country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his House, and within a Fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox-hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Application to a Widow, and attacked



her so briskly, that I thought myself within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her Ready Money and Jointure in her own Hand; and desired me to call upon

her Attorney in *Lion's Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this Overture, that I never inquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few Months after I addressed myself to a young Lady who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family: I danced with her at several Balls, squeezed her by the Hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her Heart; and tho' my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond Father would not deny her the Man she had fixed her Affections upon. But as I went one Day to the House in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard to my unspeakable Surprise, that Miss *Fenny* was that very Morning run away with the Butler.



I then courted a second Widow, and am at a loss to this Day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid indeed told me one Day, that her Mistress had said she never saw a Gentleman with

such a spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

AFTER this I laid Siege to four Heiresses successively, and being a handsom young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the Daughter's Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard Frost.

AS WILL'S Transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir ROGER, and applying himself to me, told me there was a Passage in the Book I had considered last *Saturday*, which deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold; and taking out a Pocket-Milton, read the following Lines, which are Part of one of *Adam's* Speeches to *Eve* after the Fall.

*Oh! why did God,
Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature? and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine?
Or find some other way to generate*

*Mankind? This Mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Female Snares,
And strait Conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By Parents; or his happiest Choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversary, his Hate or Shame;
Which infinite Calamity shall cause
To human Life, and Household Peace confound.*

SIR ROGER listened to this Passage with great Attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a Leaf at the Place, and lend him his Book, the Knight put it up in his Pocket, and told us that he would read over those Verses again before he went to Bed.



Sir Roger passeth away.

“Heu Pietas ! heu prisca Fides !”—VIRG.

WE last Night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY *is dead*. He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks' Sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own

penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER'S Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTREY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

"Honoured Sir,

"**K**NOWING that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County-Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint

he made was, that he had lost his Rost-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him



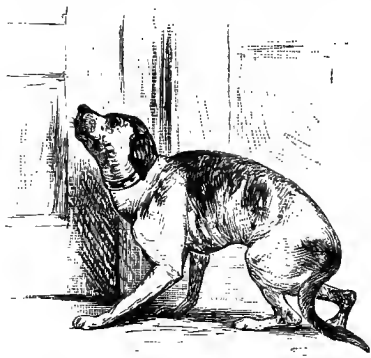
from the Widow Lady whom he had made love to the forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Lightning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace,

and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize Coat, and to every Woman, a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, *Coverley* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every Body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried according to his own Directions, among the Family of



the COVERLIES, on the Left Hand of his Father, Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by six of the *Quorum*. The whole Parish followed the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding Hoods. Captain *SENTREY*, my Master's Nephew,

has taken possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate.



The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shows great Kindnesses to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have

heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This is all from,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most sorrowful Servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT.

P.S. "My Master desired, some Weeks before he

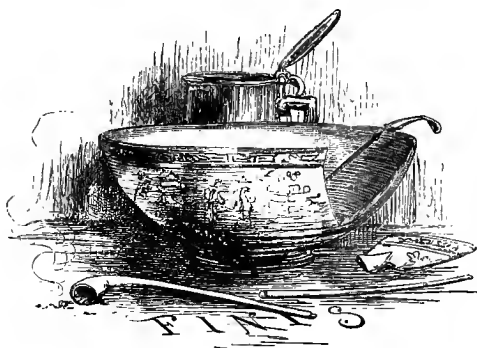
died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, in his Name."

THIS Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good



old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir ROGER'S own Hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two

or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir ROGER the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the sight of the old Man's Hand-writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain SENTREY informs us, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.



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